

I've Been Smoking, Smoking, Smoking

Hits While Hitting the Pipe--By the Corconian

An enterprising newspaper has arranged an interesting competition regarding the articles required for a lady's trousseau. From it I gather that the American bride is compelled to spend at least two hundred dollars on her trousseau, though some saving girls manage on a little less.

However, this enterprising newspaper, not content with publishing lists which make the blush of modesty pass over every masculine face, has induced foreign correspondents to describe the trousseau necessary for an Italian, French and a German maiden.

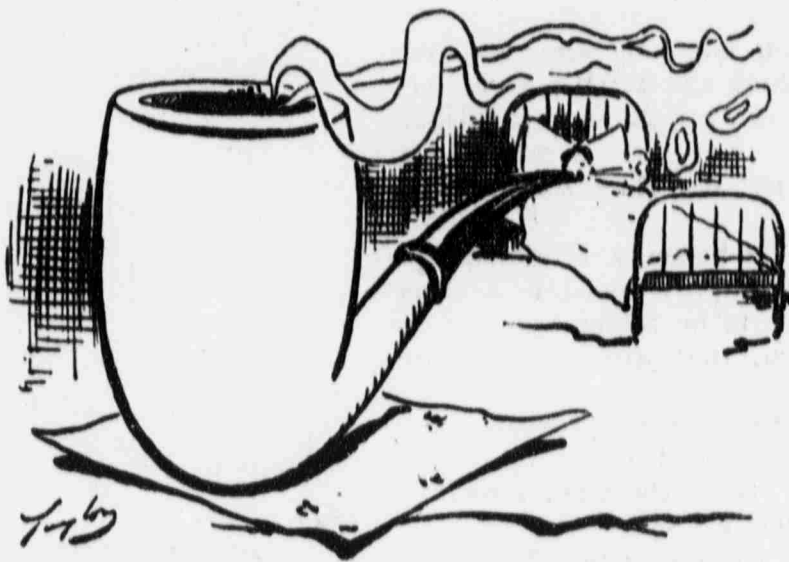
Well, one must be up-to-date in the newspaper world, so below I give a detailed price-list of the articles required for the trousseau of a Fijian maiden whose father has an annual income of 1,000 coconuts:

Articles, 1 sheet; price, 75 cents. Total 75 cents.

Perhaps you have noticed that the Births, Marriages and Deaths columns of our newspapers are daily becoming more interesting. The common-place matter-of-fact announcements are now quite out of fashion. Here is a choice example from this week's births: "To Captain and Mrs. Blank, God sent a beautiful daughter."

I live in hopes that this artistic style may be introduced into the marriage announcement. Then we may read:

Greenhorn—Dodge: On the 16th inst., through the assistance of a bountiful Providence, Mr. Dodge was enabled to get rid of a plain daughter."



Although a good deal of casual slaughtering is going on in the Tsar's dominions, it is not well to take too gloomy a view of the situation.

All lovers of Russia will console themselves with the reflection that though the Cossacks may kill a few citizens and citizens kill a few Cossacks, yet the death rate is more likely to fall than rise, for all the doctors of the empire are out on strike.

Our ladies' columns, faked or otherwise, are always full of interest to me. I like to see what problems are troubling our feminine rulers. Here is a question which I culled from a ladies' column this week: "Can any one tell me how to get dirt out of hands without scrubbing them?"

Let me answer this fair correspondent in the style characteristic of ladies' papers:

Your prejudice against washing is a little curious. In the beau monde washing will not make you unpleasantly conspicuous. To my own personal knowledge Lady Crumpey and the Countess Drumpunch wash every morning. Still tastes differ, and Mrs. "Jack" Figgers is never seen even by her most intimate friends unless she is wearing a neat pair of skunk-skin gloves. I think if you immersed your hands in vitriol for a couple of hours the skin would lose that disagreeable black appearance. Let me know how this answers.

A New York paper publishes a useful catechism for the benefit of its youthful readers entitled "Are you fit to be a father?" The young man is faced with a score or so of questions which he must be able to answer satisfactorily before he dare presume to be a parent.

"Do you smoke? Do you chew? Do you drink cocktails?" I had hoped that the immaculateness of my character as regards chewing would enable me to pass with flying colors till I came to this question, "Do you always speak the truth?" The best answer I could think of was "As far as in me lies," and I fear that reply would floor me. Reluctantly I admit that according to New York standards I am unfit to be a father. I am even doubtful whether I am qualified to take on myself the responsibility of being an uncle.

The Destruction of the Forests

By LOUIS J. BRUSH

While many recognize that the preservation of the pine forests is of most vital importance, yet, at the same time it is a matter most neglected, and, not only neglected, but cruelly ignored.

In the abandoned turpentine districts of the State the forest is a graveyard of once majestic pine trees due to over-boxing through greed for the immediate dollar.

The turpentine operator cared nothing for the timber interest, possibly because he only had a three-year lease from date of boxing, and cared only to make all he could out of his opportunity.

These trees being over-boxed and unduly weakened were easy prey to the winds and the fires, and are either fallen to the ground or stand dead; ghost-like witnesses to avariciousness.

The turpentine man murdered the mature timber, and now the cattleman is slaughtering the infants.

Except on high ridges where black jack and scrub oak replace the original growth, the pine is struggling to recover itself, but owing to false ideas or recklessness on the part of the cattleman in burning the woods, the young pines are, year after year, doomed to be consumed by the flames.

Formerly the woods were burned only once a year—in the spring—and the young trees had more of a chance to withstand the effects of the fires as the trees had from spring to spring, a whole year, to harden their wood, but now the woods are also being burned in the autumn to supply winter pas-

ture, and the "Slaughter of the Innocents" under one year old is decidedly in vogue.

A healthy public sentiment is needed to cure these evils.

It is the duty of the press especially to hammer on this subject.

Sherman's march to the sea did not exceed in devastation the turpentine man's march from North Carolina into Florida, and the horror of seeing whole stretches of vigorous growing young pines swept away by forest fires is deplorable.

By the exercise of reasonable care the pine area will renew itself.

The turpentine interest can be perpetuated, and like will produce like. Long leaf pine will produce long leaf pine. (Not old-field pine.)

Before the woods are burned again, take a trip to Marietta or to Baldwin and see the growth on either side of the railroad. It is vigorous, healthy yellow pine.

The lumber interest can also be extended.

Twenty-five years ago Drew & Bucki cut clean a territory south of their mills at Ellaville. Since then E. E. West put rails on their old road bed and cut timber equal to the original.

The East Coast Lumber Company of Watertown own lands that were logged by Ambler & Taliaferro, and, except for the tell-tale stumps, you could not know that it had ever been cut.

I write strongly on this subject because, being in the woods a great deal, I see and feel the havoc that is being done.

It is doubtful if any law can reach the matter. Therefore the remedy is in a healthy public sentiment.

Self interest ought to actuate the owner of timber, and the number of boxes allowed on leased land should be restricted. In fact, no more boxes should be cut.

The most improved method of extracting the gum should be adopted.

The best method now practical is the cup system, where no holes are cut in the tree to weaken it to the winds and to make furnaces for the fires.

Like all innovations, the "cup" is found objectionable by many.

The severe cold day we had last winter broke a great many of them. Why? Because they were left hanging to the tree and were full of water, which froze. After the last dipping put them bottom up at the foot of the tree, and in the spring hang them up as high as possible to catch virgin gum.

It is said that the claim of virgin gum is false because the chips and bark and straw fall in the cup, which is more exposed than the box, and discolors the gum, and it will not make water white or window glass rosin. Let us grant it; yet, it makes a finer grade of rosin than two and three-year boxes, worth several dollars more per barrel.

After weighing all the pros and cons, the cup system comes out ahead, but above all, the lumber is saved, and the trees, in spite of the "chipping"—having no holes cut into the pith—can continue to grow.

WHAT FLORIDA HAS TO OFFER TO SETTLERS

By John H. Stephens

Assuming that we need and WANT immigration, it is well to consider what we have to offer—what inducements to sever present ties, forsake present surroundings and migrate, it may be, hundreds or thousands of miles and make a new home, form new ties and practically begin life over.

We cannot expect sensible people—and we want no other—to do this unless we can show them permanent advantages to result from the apparent sacrifice.

We can offer the best climate in the United States. There is an impression that Florida is in-

tensely hot and disagreeable in summer. This is not true, however, as the nights are always delightfully pleasant, and nowhere can one obtain more refreshing sleep than here. From November 1st to April 30th, the climate is ideal, and it is during this term that most of the active labor is accomplished—it is in this period that the most profitable crops are grown and harvested.

Florida is salubrious—our vital statistics compare favorably with those of any part of the Union, and we have as many very old citizens as may be found elsewhere.

We have as fertile lands as may be found in any part of the world with the distinct advantage of being able to grow three successive and paying crops each season. Gardeners who have selected lands which may be irrigated at will—we sometimes have short droughts as do all parts of the United States—can and do produce crops which yield more than one thousand dollars per acre, per annum, NET, and we have thousands of acres of such lands which can be purchased for less than five dollars per

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